

And this the noble Bodie: I am sotted,
Vtterly lost: My Virgins faith has fled me:
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Sister; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together: Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not: aske me now sweet Sister,
I may goe looke; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,
Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes: The Knights are come,

Emil. To end the quarrell?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first:

What sinnes have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd
With blood of *Princes*? and my Chastitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theseus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to see 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights: Now my faire Sister,
You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely

Enter Messengers. Curtis.

Thes. Who saw 'em?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you Sir?

Mess. From the Knights.

Thes.

Thes. Pray speake
You that have seene them, what they are.

Mess. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke: Six braver spirits
Then these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of: He that stands
In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,
(His very lookes so say him) his complexion,
Nearer a browne, than blacke; sterne, and yet noble,
Which shewes him hardy, fearelesse, proud of dangers:
The circles of his eyes show faire within him,
And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining
Like Ravens wings: his shoulders broad, and strong,
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldricke; when he frownes
To scale his will with, better o' my conscience
Was never Souldiers friend.

Thes. Thou ha'st well describde him,
Per. Yet a great deale short
Me thinkes, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Thes. Pray speake him friend.

Per. I ghesse he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't:
Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; His complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he has felt
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his owne: In's face appeares
All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a setled valour
(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,
And guides his arme to brave things: Feare he cannot,
He shewes no such soft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke rwind like Ivy tops,
Not to undoe with thunder; In his face

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